

LEHI.
The row home by moonlight, after a day of royal entertainment by Postmaster and Mrs. Ross, completed a day of thorough enjoyment.
Miss Hattie Griffiths of Salt Lake is visiting Mrs. Thomas Vincent of this city.
Mayor Spiers of Denver and a party of friends, who are out on a vacation, visited Provo and Provo canyon this week.
Miss La Prele Dunn has returned from a visit to relatives in Salt Lake City.
The Y. L. M. I. A. of the Second ward entertained the Relief society in the new home Tuesday evening. The house was tastefully decorated. An interesting program was rendered and refreshments served.
Mrs. Isaac H. McEwan spent the week in Eureka.

LEHI.
Mr. and Mrs. James Dene of Montrose, Colo., are visiting Lehi relatives and friends.
The postmasters of Utah county were most pleasantly entertained by Postmaster and Mrs. S. W. Ross at the Sautage Springs resort Thursday, where boating, bathing, dancing and picnicking were the order of the day.
Editor James M. Kirkham of the Banner was visiting Richfield friends Friday.
Mr. Sylvester Wilcox of this place and Miss Nettie Randall of Springfield were married the first of the week.
Mrs. Samuel Taylor has returned from a short stay with her daughter, Mrs. T. R. Culler, Jr., of Sugar City, Ida.
Mrs. Dr. Holbrook was visiting Salt Lake friends Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Hobson of Provo were visiting Mrs. H. G. Smith the first of the week.
Miss Ruby Davis is spending the week with Payson friends.
Mrs. R. Davis, Jr., of Salt Lake, is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Looze.
Mrs. Carrie Lindsey and daughter of Salt Lake are visiting Mrs. Annie Goules.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Peterson have returned from a two weeks' visit with friends at St. Anthony.
Mrs. Florence Cotter is visiting Ogden relatives.
Miss Berdie Stoddard has returned from a prolonged visit with friends in Idaho.
Mrs. Thomas Austin of Salt Lake City is spending the week with relatives here.
Mr. and Mrs. William Snyder of Provo are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Osterloh.
Messrs. H. M. Fehnel and H. H. Dalton of Sugar City, Ida., were Lehi visitors Thursday.

EUREKA.
John McDonald of Mammoth and Miss Clara Gillis of this city were married at Nephi last Saturday, the ceremony being performed by Bishop H. P. Parkes, in the presence of a few witnesses. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gillis, prominent residents of this city, and a beautiful and accomplished young lady. The groom is well and favorably known at Mammoth where they will make their home after next Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. William Venable are entertaining the former's sisters, Mrs. Sherman and Miss Hansen, both of Salt Lake.
Mrs. J. D. Sullivan returned Wednesday from a two month's visit in Butte, Montana.
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Reeves returned to Salt Lake Wednesday after a visit in this city with Mr. and Mrs. George Hansen.
Misses Eliza and Anna Bonner returned this week from a visit with friends at Ely, Nevada.
Sheriff Hendroid and wife were in Nephi this week on a visit.
Miss Mary Ford has returned from an extended visit in Salt Lake, and after a stay here will go to Ely, Nevada, where she has been engaged to teach school.
Mr. and Mrs. William Groesbeck entertained the latter's mother, Mrs. Swanson of Salt Lake, this week.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Hulsh returned Monday evening from a three days' visit to Ogden.
Frank W. Newton and family, formerly of Eureka, have taken up their residence at 154 south Fourth East street, Salt Lake.
J. C. Lynch came out from Salt Lake on Tuesday and accompanied the family of J. C. Sullivan back to the capital the following day.
Mrs. Minnie Lochwitz was out from Salt Lake on business this week.
George McCune of this city and Hans J. Russell of Mammoth attended the meeting of the county commissioners in Nephi this week.
Mrs. F. E. Higson is visiting in Salt Lake for a few days.
Mrs. James P. Driscoll and Mrs. P. J. Donnelly returned Wednesday from a couple of weeks sojourn in Salt Lake and Ogden.
Charles Bringleston came out from Salt Lake Wednesday and will remain here for a few weeks visiting his brother, Edward Bringleston.
Ray Pike, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pike, entertained the members of the High school class of 1906 at his home on Monday evening. The affair was in the nature of a reunion, and nearly every member of the class was present. There were games and music until nearly midnight when an elegant lunch was spread and the evening was a most enjoyable one for all who attended.

THURSDAY.
Mrs. Sarah G. Meeks has her sisters and relatives visiting with her this week. Mrs. J. R. Miller, Mrs. R. P. A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. Felix Couraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moles, and all skin blemishes. It is a perfect skin restorer, and gives a soft, smooth, and glowing complexion. It is the only skin restorer that is safe for all skin types. It is the only skin restorer that is safe for all skin types. It is the only skin restorer that is safe for all skin types.
Tomorrow, Mr. R. K. Thomas, the Salt Lake merchant, who has been visiting with his three daughters, Kate, Rose and Blanche, for the past week, will take his departure for home by way of Vermont. Misses Kate and Rose will accompany him to Memorial Cottage in South Royalton to see the monument. Miss Kate will return to New York, her sister Rose journeying westward with her father and mother. She has made herself a most necessary addition to the Utah circle and her absence will be felt by every one. Misses Kate and Blanche will remain at 216

AT THE CAMPS.
At the Woodruff cottage are Frank Smith and Chauncey White, who have all the luxuries of a bachelor's life.
Miss Elizabeth Hardy is chaperon of a frolicsome set of young ladies at the Hurry-back. They are Beulah Woodruff, Joanie Nelson, Ann Cannon, Vera Beebe, Roxi Woodruff, Helen Bragg, Estella Woodruff, Inez Clark, Sabina Clark and Vivian Hatch.
A week ago Miss Helen Frank of Albany came down to visit her little friend, Miss Zella McQuarrie, President and Mrs. McQuarrie are away in Maine and Vermont for a few weeks, while Mrs. Stegmiller and Miss Zella are keeping house.
At her home in Brooklyn, Miss Florence Rohlfing will give a farewell party to the Brooklyn conference before leaving for Utah, where she will join her sister, who has been there some time and where they will make their future home. Miss Rohlfing has always been an active member in the Brooklyn conference and has a host of friends here. She will be accompanied by some friends to Utah. Several parties to the sea shore have been given in her honor. Far Rockaway, Ocean Side and Long Beach have been visited, where the entire conference have joined forces to make the days pleasant. Best wishes go with the friends to their new home.

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SALT LAKE CITY.



THE ALL-WHITE HAT IS IN HIGH FAVOR.

Among the very early fall models there are a great number of attractive all-white hats, many of which are intended for the younger set of society. They are built along tailored lines, and trimmed with huge wings and ribbon. The smartest of these are medium in size, because a hat with a brim extending out over the face and the full coiffure is very much more becoming to the youthful face than a close fitting hat. In the picture the brim turns up half an inch all around the edge and the left side lifts a trifle in cavalier style. The back brim is the same width as the front, though the sides are a trifle wider. The crown is rather high, banded with white satin ribbon and trimmed directly in the front with a short looped bow so arranged that it quite conceals the crown. Under the left side of this bow are set two broad white wings, springing backward over the left brim. There is a very shallow cache peigne which aids in fitting the hat proper to the head, but does not lift it off the head. This is swathed in maline, the color of the hair.

WASATCH NOTES.

The guests of Wasatch hotel are: M. E. Kendel, Edith Herman, Edith E. Kendel, Maud E. Clark, L. M. Evans, G. Gardner, Romanus Hyde, Golda Hyde, D. H. Blossom, G. Evans, S. L. Hull, L. W. Saville, A. Schiller, Ethel Wraith, Eva Wraith, Wilford Wraith, J. L. Kephart, J. W. Saville, F. A. Beesley, Alray Spary, Ruth Armstrong, Irma Clawson, Paul Armstrong, Will Harris, Ben Harris, Hazel Bow-



"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."
NCE in a while, we hear women tell of the man helpless about the house. Wives whose husbands cannot drive a nail without crushing their thumbs are a little apt to put it down, that all men are sadly awkward and



MODEL OF CLIPPED BEAVER WITH PLUMES.

Clipped beavers in black, navy blue and the fashionable browns, will be worn this season for semi-dressy wear, trimmed with ribbons, flowers, ostrich plumes and the various other feathered effects classed as novelties. The high crowned broad brimmed shade is perhaps the most attractive, the brim drooping slightly all around, a little wider in the back than the front, and the crown from three to four inches high. These hats are not worn on the back of the head as the summer model of this type was, but are tilted a little to the front and the right side by an inch bandeau, trimmed simply with maline of a color to match the hair. No matter what the color of the hat may be, this bandeau trimming is always selected to match the coiffure. The crown of this hat is trimmed with brown satin ribbon, the hat being of this same brown tone, and two very full medium length brown plumes are posed at the side beneath a bunch of white roses, the tips drooping backward and over the back brim. The under brim of this hat is faced with brown satin.

helpless, and always under foot when at home.

For the past ten years, a young man of the writer's acquaintance has virtually given his life to his mother. A well regulated little home is kept livable and happy, first by the mother and then by the boy. The boy, because half of the time the mother is ill, helplessly ill and in bed, and then behold him rise nobly, patiently and skilfully to the occasion. Tender, cheerful and handy, as a well-trained nurse-in fact, some trained nurses might do well to take a little instruction from him—he cares for this mother through the night, nor is found napping when the clock chimes the signal for medicine or nourishment. Bright and early in the morning, the little house is made tidy, the orders given to grocer, butcher and milkman, in the summer, the lawn, in the winter the heating, are not overlooked; a breakfast, oat quon might not refuse to eat, is served on a snowy and inviting tray, and carried to the sick room, and it is very seldom that "mother" has to be coaxed to eat. After the dishes are cleared away, the blinds in the moth-

er's room are drawn, and she is supposed to sleep, according to orders, until noon, when a welcome step on the porch will awaken her to the fact that she is about to receive a cheery greeting, a poached egg, and a cup of tea. Through the long afternoon, if visitors do not happen to drop in, whether comfortable or in pain, she is contented, looking forward with joy to the homecoming of this boy in the evening, who

laboring man, but the children never knew the hardships of poverty, for they were yet too young to realize the father's denials, while he filled all their little wants from the toil of his hands, and the love of his heart.

At the age of six, the little girl joined her brother in school. The father made ready the simple breakfast, and the children for school; nor did he overlook the matter of lunch, which he always prepared and placed in their joint little basket. At night, a crusty weary from labor, he cooked supper, heard the lessons, and out the youngsters early to bed. On Sundays, he took the bread for the coming week, mended holes in stockings, mended in pianoforte, and tips and gaps in waistcoats.

This father's courage was constantly fed by looking forward to the time, when his children should be man and woman grown—a real man and a real woman, of sterling worth, and a comfort to him in his ripening years. The little daughter seemed to especially like her mother's position in the kitchen. But there came a day, a crushing day, when he returned one evening, to find her lying upon the bed, silent, and with an angel's smile upon her little face. The neighbors had placed her there; they were still standing about her, when that father entered. Every eye was wet, as they stepped aside to make room for him. It was a sudden and painless death, he told him, when he could bear to hear them speak; heart failure from over-jumping of the rope. He said nothing, but kneeling down by the bedside of that loved one, buried his face in his hands, and one day the neighbors bore away from that sacred room, and breathless waited and watched. By and by he joined them. God had conquered. A beautiful calm rested upon his face, like that of his child, and he turned to those waiting ones and said:

"She has gone to her mother. I have had my turn. God knows best."
During the pioneer days, a young father was left with the care of an infant, but a few months old. No, the mother had not died. Far worse than death had carried her away, willingly, to return to that home, no more. The dreadful shock and shame of it was enough to turn that young husband's brain. Some men would have thought it sufficient excuse for the wine cup. This man stood the test. Night after night, found him walking the floor with his colle-tossed baby. It was enough that a neighbor must care for the child during the day while he worked. After that, his conscience told him the care was his own, as the child was his own. One day that dread disease, smallpox, visited his cabin, and of course he was cut off from any help, save that of the doctor. And how he watched that child, denying himself rest and food in the watching, till the crisis was passed. Only his nursing saved the little life, for the doctor

was not as doctors of today, although he went by the name, his knowledge extended not much further than the medical volume, "The Family Doctor," and a few simple herb remedies. When the babe was in a snug, sunny corner, while he laid out his spring corner, When he was able to go again to his work, he carried her with him, for a time, lest some neglect on the part of a neighbor, should bring about a fatal relapse.

The baby thanks to the father only, arrived at beautiful young womanhood, with the height of his ambition for her fully realized—a musical education. For this he worked and toiled through those first lonely years. For this he did the part of woman as well as man—the part of mother as well as father. Nor did the daughter fail him in the end for all his tender care and pains. An old man in a child's home, was never so cherished. Cordelia of old could have done no more for her father, King Lear, though she expressed it, exactly:
"Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I return those duties back as they are due. Obey you, love you, and most honor you."

A train was pulling into Salt Lake one morning. It was very early, and the people of the Pullman, having breakfasted, were returning to their seats and belongings. As each one passed along, attention was called to a man sitting with a little fellow on his knee. He was buttoning up the little frock, and brushing out the curls. No one had seen him before, because he had entered the sleeper at a late hour the night before. His face was very sad, despite his smiles and baby-talk. The baby had but one little foot. An accident had carried away the other one, and while the doctor of his country town had done all he could, the father was not satisfied, and was bringing the child to the city to seek higher skill and knowledge.

"His mother," he explained to one or two who were deeply moved and interested, "couldn't come; she's in bed with his little new sister; oh, I know how to care for him. I was my own mother's nurse-girl, long enough when I was a boy. 'I can mother a baby, all right.'"
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